But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome.
Mother good night indeed, this Counseller
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a most foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaves,
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them:
Where is your sonne?

Gert. Bestow this place on us a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet*?

Ger. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseene good old man.

King. O heavie deed!
It had been so with us had we been there,
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man: but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
Ore whom his very madnesse, like some Ore

Among

Among a minerall of metall base,
Shewes it selfe pure, a weeps for what is done.

King. *Gertrard* come away,
The Sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majestie and skill *Enter Ros. & G*
Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe joine with you some further aide,
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him;
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this:
Come *Gertrard*, wee'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds Diameter,
As levell as the Cannon to his blanke
Transports his poysoned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse aire: O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeu*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Ha. Safely stow'd: but softly, what noise? who calls on *H*
O here they come.

Ros. What have you done my Lord with the dead body

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto it is kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Doe not beleeve it.

Ros. Beleeve what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counsell and not mine ow
sides, to bee demanded of a spunge, what replication sh
made by the sonne of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Ha. I sir, that sokes up the Kings countenance, his rew
authorities: but such Officers doe the King best service in
he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first
to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have glea
but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.